Vol. 6. Numb. 13.

The Athenian Mercury:

Tuesday, *March* 8. 1692.

Quest. 1. *Fare age, Palladii pars non indigna Lycæi*
Nam vos Phebus amat proprior, Nymphæque novenæ,
Si Scriptis sit fiqua Fides, Dea Cipria vobis
Ista quoque est molles inspiravisse Callores:)
Quæ causa (experto crede, atque ignosce fatenti!)
Quod mage lascivo Venus impetuosior æstro
Ardet, & illiciti coitu, furtiva Voluptas
Majores Veneres vel habet vel habere videtur?

Answ. Our design is to make this an *English* Paper, not an Olio of all Languages, which it wou'd soon be, should we answer every *Question* in the same Language wherein 'tis sent. But besides, we ingeniously confess that we dare not Answer these Lines in *Latin*, because they are so good, and must not translate 'em into *English* because they are so bad, but shall content our selves with letting the Learned understand their meaning, and the Ladies guess at it by the Answer, which follows in our own Language.

Our *Parents Crime* their Children still destroys
Who head-long rush on *dear forbidden Joys*:
Besides *Variety exalts* the Gust,
And lawless *Custom* gilds the *Hell-born Lust.*
Yet by *Hells* leave it must not be deny'd
No *Whore on Earth* charms like a virtuous Bride:
Hence scarce a Spark who rambles up and down
Through the lewd *Stews* of our ungracious Town
But gladly wou'd at last a *Convert* prove,
And try the *Luxury* of Virtuous Love.

II. and III. *Questions*] — Suppos'd to be spoken by a *Young Bride* on the *Wedding-Night* to a Husband, whom before his Marriage she had bin inform'd to have been a *man of variety.*

1.

Tell me! O tell me, why in Paradice
When the Young World *did just begin*
Heaven suffer'd yet the Serpent *to entice*
Its New-born Charming Queen to Sin?

2.

Or why should soft and Virgin Innocence
Defenceless and unguarded stand;
And giving none, should yet receive offence
From each insulting willfull Hand?

3.

Why do I ask? —— my self am still a Maid,
And all my Eden *yet is mine:*
But ah I love; — am willingly betray'd,
And now, dear perjur'd Swain! 'tis thine?

4.

Thus I the self-same cruel Fortune *run*
With my first common Mother Eve:
I know my Tempters false, *my self undone,*
And yet I cannot but believe.

1.

Answ. Even *Eden* cou'd not please the *murm'ring Fair,*
Confinement did her griet begin;
She left her *Adam*, plac'd her Guardian there,
And leaving him, soon learn'd to *Sin.*

2.

There is a *Cherub* guards that Paradice,
A *flaming Sword* defends it still:
The Serpent can't compell, but may entice,
Yet *Heav'n* saves none against their *Will.*

3.

Why gives the fatal *Apple* such Delight?
O heedless *Charmers* tell me why?
'Tis new, 'tis *pleasing* to the scent and sight,
And taste you must although you dye.

4.

Part of your *Theft*, least we your Fate shou'd *shun*
You still with *cruel kindness* give:
We taste, and like our *Father* are undone,
Who did not, cou'd not, wou'd not *live.*

Quest. 4. *Since those sweet Pillows, fair* Calista's *Breast,*
Where I wou'd fain, and Love himself *wou'd rest,*
Have all my Prayers, and all his Shafts *controll'd,*
And white as Ermin, *are yet wondrous cold:*
How shou'd they in my Heart such Flames *inspire,*
'Tis strange that Snow *shou'd be the Cause of Fire?*
Quest. 5. *By Natures Course t'has bin of common use*
That all things their own likeness shou'd produce.
Why is't not then esteem'd a Prodigy
(*Avert the* Omen *kinder Heaven!*) *that she*
Shou'd alter and Reverse *the Laws of Fate,*
While my pure Love's *the Parent of her hate.*

Answ. 4. Whilst endless Flames in *Etna's* Intrails glow,
The top's all horrid with Eternal Snow:
Thus here, though nought without but *Marble's* seen,
Believe it she's warm *Flesh and Blood within:*
And who but *Lovers* ever did admire
That *Heat* gets *Heat*, or *Fire's* the *Cause* of *Fire.*

Answ. 5. Dame *Nature* has her *Freaks* as well as we,
She Love's to Play and take her *Libertie*;
And tir'd with common work, she now and than
A *cruel* Woman makes, or faithful Man.
Humour your *Fair*, if you wou'd happy prove,
If *Love* gets *Hate*, than *Hate* her and she'll *Love.*

Upon last Nights Debauch.

SOBERNESS.

Quest. 6.

S ome grave and wise Athenian help my Pen
O r this peruse, revise, correct agen?
B reez forth your sweet and odoriferous smells
E namell'd Beauties from your sober Cells!
R efresh my dry, my dozed Muse, and give
N epenthe *to remove her parched* Corrosive,
E ffect what willing, though two feeble, she
S he wou'd Essay of sweet SOBRIETIE.
S et forth her Features, and her Beauty too
E xcelling sweetness that the World may know.

DULLNESS.

Answ. 6.

D ull dull Acrostick! wherefore art thou come?
U ndoubtedly thy Author's drunk with Mum.
L ate did he sit, and plenteously carouse
L ikelyest of any at *Smith's Coffee-house.*
N or less can we suppose by what he tells,
E xalting Neighb'ring Stalls, refreshing smells.
S uffice this Praise of Sweet *Sobrietie,*
S he never makes her Friends so dull as Thee.

Quest. 7.

Queſt. 7. *If Heav'n be juſt, as Heaven muſt ſure be juſt,*
And Man muſt Sin, as certainly he muſt:
Pray tell me why ſhou'd the Divine Decree
Ordain that Man ſhou'd Damn'd for ever be
For Sin, who ſins of meer Neceſſitie ?
True, Adam *bound us all, 'tis not deny'd,*
But ſince his Bond was more than ſatisfi'd
When our ſweet Saviour and Redeemer dy'd,
If over-payment ſatisfaction be,
VVhy then does Heav'n exact the Penaltie ?

Anſw. God muſt be juſt, or God he cou'd not be,
And Man in vain pretends *Neceſſitie.*
Inclin'd we are, but not *compell'd* to Sin,
(Why elſe the *Laws without*, and *Law* * *within* ?)
That Inclination from our hapleſs *Head*
We drew, and all *Mankind* in him are *dead* :
But our *ſweet Saviour* did our *Race* reſtore,
Fix'd on a firmer *Bottom* than before,
The glorious way to *Bliſs* his *Blood* has ſhown,
And if w'are ruin'd now, the *Fault's* our own.

* Conſcience.

Queſt. 8. *A Servant to a Family, the Maſter whereof hath in his poſſeſſion or diſpoſal the value of many thouſands of pounds, which if made known and diſcovered, would be found to be due to the Crown. The Queſtion is, VVhether this Servant may without the privity or conſent of the Maſter, make known or diſcover where or wherein this matter of great value doth conſiſt without firſt acquainting the Maſter therewith, and getting his Conſent thereto, which he is doubtful, he having had the poſſeſſion of the ſame for ſome Years paſt: This requires your Advice?*

Anſw. There's the higheſt Obligation to diſcover it, *viz. Juſtice* and *Religion*, for he is acceſſary to a Cheat that conceals it, and ſhows himſelf much firmer to the Intereſt of the Devil, who is the patron of what's ill, than of Heaven it ſelf, which forbids ſuch practices. We grant it, that we are oblig'd by our Religion, by Generoſity, and the ſtrongeſt tyes in the World to be true to a Maſter, or ſuch Perſons from whom we have our dependance, and the Bread we eat: But this is upon a Suppoſition, that they themſelves are true to Vertue and Juſtice, the Obligation goes no further. Add yet, That at this time o' the day the King can very ill ſpare any of his Moneys to maintain the Pride and Avarice of ſuch a Perſon, as wou'd have himſelf and Family ſecur'd from a *French* Tyranny, by robbing one whom Heaven has made an Inſtrument of preſerving him and the reſt of the Nation.

Queſt. 9. *There lately happned a ſingle Gentlewoman to be betrayed by a married Man, inſomuch that after a long and familiar Correſpondence, ſhe proved to be with Child by him, and to avoid the ſhame as much as poſſible, ſhe married him in another Name: Now ſhe reſolving to take a good Courſe of Life, he and ſhe are at ſome variance, and ſhe hath an offer to marry, but knows not how to be ſafe, therefore in this Matter humbly begs your Advice, How far the Laws of God, or the Laws of this Realm may extend in this matter. The Perſon that would have her knows her Failings, and deſires your ſpeedy Advice in this Affair,* &c.

Anſw. There's no Obligation upon the Woman but Repentance for the firſt ill Action; Marriage it can't be call'd, for that is a *Sacred* Tye, a *Divine Inſtitution*, but God who is not the Author of Sin, does never joyn together any ſecond marriage, whilſt the firſt is in being; therefore the man being married before, cannot marry again till freed from his lawful Wife by Death, *&c.* and conſequently all ſubſequent Offers at Marriage are but formal Acts of Adultery on the ſide of the married Party, and Fornication on the other ſide, which after Repentance, does not at all oblige the Woman from a legal Marriage with another.

Queſt. 10. *I received a Letter laſt week from an unknown Perſon, wherein was mentioned ſeveral things that concern me very nearly, and ſuch things as I imagin'd impoſſible to be known by any but my ſelf, at the bottom of the Letter I found this that follows:*

Fru Sumfonum lt fru Zfrumqzm Glxqufb zhu z xlnkzm.b lt Ldoug zmw Yolxp-ruzwg.

I have ſhewn it to ſeveral people, but neither they nor my ſelf can make any thing of it, deſpairing to find out the myſtery of it, I was perſwaded to ſend it to you, whoſe ſolutions of the moſt perplexing Intricacies give full ſatisfaction to all who addreſs themſelves to you: If you can find the meaning of it, you will redeem me out of a great perplexity, and oblige me to be for ever, Yours, &c.

Anſw. We ſhou'd not have had the Vanity to have printed the latter part of this Letter, but becauſe we have thought fit to leave the Original at the *Rotterdam* Coffee-houſe in *Finch-lane*, where it is to be ſeen by all ſuch as pretend to skill in deciphering, deſiring any Perſon that knows it (if it be not a trick, which we are ready to believe) they wou'd leave the Solution of it ſeal'd up, with the Maſter of that Coffee-houſe, to whom we referr the Queriſt.

The Queſtions concerning *Job*, *Moſes*, *Virgil*, the Man *that bought the Mare*, Eating Fleſh in *Lent*, Mr. *Crowns Dæneids*, *&c.* ſhall be Anſwer'd in next *Fridays* Mercury, they had bin all anſwer'd in this, had not the *Poetical Queſtions* taken up too much room.

Continue to ſend in your Queſtions as formerly to *Smiths* Coffee-houſe in *Stocks Market*, or to the *Roterdam* Coffee-houſe in *Finch-lane*, and when we have receiv'd Queſtions enough to fill up our *Apperdix*, we ſhall give publick Notice thereof, when our 5*th.* Supplement is finiſht, there will be notice given

Theſe are to ſatisfie that Gentleman from whom I have received frequent Importunities to publiſh the *ſtifled Memoirs* he lately ſent me relating to the Life of— that I reſolve to publiſh 'em if ever I ſee any occaſion for it, elſe not, for theſe *Memoirs*, together with thoſe that are promis'd me by another hand relating to his Friend the *Atheiſt*, and Mr. *Urinal*, (being all well atteſted) will make up a moſt ſurprizing Hiſtory. *F. D.*

Advertiſements.

☞ WE promiſe our Queriſts, that if any Interloper ſhou'd at any time interfere with us in our deſign of anſwering Queſtions, that they ſhall conſtantly find in our Mercuries Anſwers to all his Queſtions whatever, which promiſe we will make good to a *Title*, that ſo our Queriſts may not be put to double Charges (by buying the ſame Queſtions twice anſwered) nor the Coffee-houſes burthen'd with too many Papers, but more of this if there ſhould ever be any occaſion for it.

A Catalogue of Books, conſiſting of Divinity, Hiſtory, Law, Voyages, Travels, and other miſcellaneous Tracts, on various Subjects, will be ſold by Auction on *Munday* the 14*th.* day of this Inſtant *March*, 169[illegible]. in the Town of *Maidſtone* in *Kent*. Catalogues of which are delivered *Gratis* at the Coffee-houſes in *Dover*, *Canterbury*, *Feverſham*, *Aſhford*, *Rocheſter*, and at the Auction-houſe in *Maidſtone*. At which Place you may have ready money for any parcel or Library of Books.

☞ IN *Grays-Inn-lane* in *Plow-yard*, the third Door, lives Dr. *Thomas Kirlews*, a Collegiate Phyſician, and Sworn Phyſician in Ordinary to King *Charles* the Second, until his death; who with a Drink and Pill (hindring no Buſineſs) undertakes to Cure any Ulcers, Sores, Swellings in the Noſe, Face, or other parts; Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Leproſies, and Venerial Diſeaſe, expecting nothing until the Cure be finiſhed: Of the laſt he hath cured many hundreds in this City, many of them after fluxing, which carries the evil from the Lower Parts to the Head, and ſo deſtroys many. The Drink is 3 *s.* the Quart, the Pill 1 *s.* a Box, with Directions; a better Purger than which was never given, for they cleanſe the Body of all Impurities, which are the cauſes of Dropſies, Gouts, Scurvies, Stone or Gravel, Pains in the Head, and other parts. With another Drink at 1 *s.* 6 *d.* a Quart. He cures all Fevers and hot Diſtempers without Bleeding, except in few Bodies. He gives his Opinion to all that writes or comes for nothing.

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